
Title: Book of Fellowship 2

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I
had never before realized
how much
a town is reliant upon its
Tinker, nor how
appreciative the
local townspeople are to
those who sacrifice
themselves to
continuously solving the
problems of others. So
welcome did
they make me feel that I
stayed for several years.
Then, filled with the urge
to roam and longing for
the outdoors once more, I
joined a band of Rangers
in
Spiritwood.
Rangers are
a deeply spiritual people.
Living
with them reminded me
very much of my druid
childhood in
Yew - with one big
difference. These
Rangers drank the
most wonderful wine I
have ever tasted! The
bottles came
from the old winery at
Skara Brae, having
survived the
terrible fires which
ravaged that island.
Later I made a
pilgrimage to the desolate
ruins of Skara Brae and
there I had
a spiritual experience so
profound that I have
vowed never to
relate it to anyone.
Leaving their band, I gave
away all of my
possessions and for

months I wandered
aimlessly.
Eventually, I arrived at
New Magincia where I
sought
employment as a
Shepherd. Most of the
following two years
was spent in perfect
solitude, living in complete
humility. It
was an experience that
left me significantly
changed. When I
noticed that ten years
had almost passed, I
began the journey
back to Britain.

v. The Two Brothers
and the Trickster
On the road back to
Britain I noticed a small
mine
being worked by two
brothers. They greeted
me suspiciously
but eventually shared with
me their tale, and I shall
share it
with thee.
Their father died and left
them a map to some
unclaimed land that
contained valuable
minerals. By law a
claim can only be made in
one name, and this led
the brothers
into conflict. One
brother was the eldest,
the other was more
worldly- both wanted the
claim. They became so
fearful
that the other would
make the claim that each
spent all his
time spying on the other.

No work was done.
One day, they met a
stranger who said he was
a
mining engineer. They did
not trust him at first,
but he
assured them that their

claim was too small to be
of interest.

He was on the way to
stake a much larger
claim. The
stranger turned their
heads with tales of the
riches they could
have, replacing their
distrust with avarice.
The brothers asked the
stranger to make their
claim
for them, and went back
to working their mine.
They worked
without stopping for
months, and afterward
travelled to the
mint to sell their ore.
At the mint they learned
the stranger had staked
their claim in his own
name and then sold it
outright for a
fortune.

As the
brothers had taken ore
from land they did not
own, they were sent to
prison in Yew for many
years.

Their sad fate taught
them to be more trusting
of each other,
for a man who does not
trust his brother is
always vulnerable.

After hearing their tale,
I went to the mint, for I
was curious
which of the two
brothers held the claim
to their new mine. I
had tried to guess and
was quite surprised when
I saw the
answer. It was in the
name of their father.

vi. The Creation of The
Fellowship

I was overjoyed when
Elizabeth and Abraham
both arrived at
the Blue Boar safe and
sound. It was a splendid
reunion.

The tales they told me
were truly astounding,
gentle friend
and traveller. But as I
have mentioned, I do not
wish this
tome to be an intrusion
upon their privacy.
Not all of our memories
were pleasant ones.
Most of
the people of Britannia,
it seemed, were more
interested in
helping themselves than in
helping their fellow
person. As
travellers - strangers
wherever we went - we
had become
used to the cold eye of
suspicion upon us.
Everywhere there
were people who expected
something for nothing, as
if owed
a debt by the world.
Most of all, each of us
had met many
people who were
fundamentally unhappy.

Everywhere there
were people who knew
that they needed
something in their
lives, gentle friend and
traveller, but that they
had not a hope
of finding it.
The three of us had
learned much of history.
There
was once a time when
life was infinitely more
fragile, but was
cherished much more
dearly. We yearned to
recapture that
aspect of Britannia's
former glory. After
much discussion,
we decided to found a
society called The
Fellowship.
At this
time I was also conceiving

what would become its
philosophy,
but that will be discussed
further in another
chapter. It was
Abraham who suggested
that I propose The
Fellowship to
Lord British. I agreed,
little realizing the task I
was
undertaking.

vii. The Ratification of
Wise Lord British
It was with much anxiety
that I stood before the
throne of wise Lord
British. I was in a long
line of subjects as
our Liege made numerous
pronouncements. Although
I had
been waiting for hours
when I at last had my
audience, I still
felt unprepared. His
unwavering glance fell on
me.
I said that I had a
modest proposal. My
colleagues
and I sought to establish
a philosophical society
known as
The Fellowship. Lord
British asked me who
would see the
benefits of this
Fellowship. I replied that
no one would benefit
from it, for it would not
be run for profit. With
a word I was
dismissed.

I found myself
leaving the throne room
before it
had even sunk in that I
had been refused.
By the look on my face
Elizabeth and Abraham
knew I was
not the bearer of good
news. In discussing the
matter,
Elizabeth suggested that

Lord British had desired
a tribute
from us. If we could
present an impressive
enough tribute, he
would grant his favor.
After a time we raised a
thousand gold
pieces by selling nearly
every possession we
owned. With
renewed confidence I
returned to the castle.
This time there were
several women with me to
carry
the chests of gold that
were our tribute. As I
reached the
front of the line I spoke
boldly. I said that I
wished to discuss
The Fellowship, but first
wished to present Lord
British with
suitable tribute. With
consternation I realized
that I had
spoken before Lord
British had finished
reading an important
looking scroll placed
before him by one of his
advisors.

He
signed it as he spoke,
not even bothering to
look up at me.
First he ordered my
workmen to remove the
boxes. The he
ordered the workmen to
remove me as well!
Angrily I stormed from
the throne room. Once
more
did I face my two
friends. We were most
disappointed. The
dream we shared now
seemed to have no hope
of becoming
reality. I spent days
somerly brooding over my
failure. One
morning found me so
completely lost in my

thoughts that I
did not hear the passing
beggar approach. When
at last I
noticed him he spoke. "A
coin for one denied the
rewards of
worthiness." The
illumination was pure and
instantaneous.
He thought I had gone
mad when I gave him my
chest full of
gold.

I ran back to the
palace as fast as I could.
At first, Lord British
would not see me, but I
implored him. He looked
me over, and seemed to
see
something different about
me. He listened as I
spoke.
"Our society, The
Fellowship, will be a union
of
spiritual seekers that
shall strive to bring
Unity to our
fractured society. We
will promote Trust and
understanding
among all the people of
Britannia. With your
approval our
society will teach one to
seek Worthiness, rather
than mere
personal reward. To that
end, I seek your
recognition of The
Fellowship."